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in a preceding paragraph—that “the wines in common use in these countries are mixed with considerable portions of distilled spirits,” and that “port wine is mixed with *one-third* of brandy.” Now, we should really wish to know the specific difference between distilled spirits mixed with sugar and water, and distilled spirits mixed with the juice of the grape—or how the one could be less injurious than the other? The fifth rule we look upon as completely a *non sequitur*. And really believing that such statements and assertions are calculated to do the cause of genuine temperance more harm than good, we think it well thus briefly to notice them for Mr. Edgar’s reconsideration. We are free to admit that we make the objection from the feeling that it is unfair in the apportioning of the good things of this life, to have one law for the rich, and another for the poor: such is not the case with those laws instituted by our divine Master. If “Abstinence Societies” are requisite, let them be established; and by an abstinence from spirits in any shape, let the rich shew an example to their poorer brethren. But let no individual pretend to be a member, who must continue to indulge in the use of wine, while he denies the humbler beverage, even in the smallest quantities, to his less favoured neighbour.—Eb.

### THE BURIAL OF 1830.

“He lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.”

Come haste to the BURIAL, ye friends and ye neighbours,  
Eighteen Hundred and Thirty has pass’d from the earth;  
And full time it is he should rest from his labours,  
He has had a most troublesome time since his birth.  
POLITICIANS all, attend to my call—  
Oh, join the procession, and follow the bier;  
Come, come! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

And now, as we stand round the grave of the past year,  
Let us talk o’er each wonderful work, deed, and act;  
And, oh! may we ne’er see a time like the last year—  
So full of extraordinary matters of fact:  
Let earth’s nations all, attend to my call!  
And act as chief mourners, and follow the bier;  
Come, come! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

Eighteen Hundred and Thirty one lesson has left us,  
That kings are but mortals, mere creatures of clay;  
Of one kingly bosom, in June he bereft us,\*  
And gave us another our islands to sway.  
Scotch, Irish, and all, attend to my call—  
Ye Welch, and ye English, oh, follow the bier;  
Come, come! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

In France he cast down from the throne the Tenth Charley,  
And so gave the BOURBONS a well deserved wrench;  
And Orlean’s Duke, he rais’d after a parley,  
Not to be France’s King, but the King of the French.  
Ye proud tyrants all, attend to my call,  
Now act as chief mourners, and follow the bier;  
Come, come! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

The young queen of Portugal was not permitted,  
To sit on the throne where her forefathers sat;  
Greece and Belgium are begging for kings, ’tis admitted,  
And ’tis hoped that the POLES will soon beat the Russ Rat.

\* George IV. died 26th June 1830. And his brother William, Duke of Clarence, ascended the throne.

*The Burial of 1830.*

Ye kings and queens all, attend to my call—  
Now join the procession, and follow the bier ;  
Come, come ! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

In short, crowned heads have been all so confounded—  
Revolutions of late, are such every-day things—  
That we now never feel at the changes astounded,  
But wonder that any consent to be kings !  
Revolutionists all, attend to my call—  
Now join the procession, and follow the bier ;  
Come, come ! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

The MINISTERS also, this year were perplexed—  
At last the great soldier, the Cabinet, fled ;  
Ah ! HUSKISSON !—happy wert thou, no more vexed  
By dissensions—you rest with the much honoured dead.  
Ye ambitious all, attend to my call—  
Oh, join the procession, and follow the bier ;  
Come, come ! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

It well may be said 'tis a changeable season—  
One jukes into office, and one duke's away ; \*  
The PEEL too's pared off, and if you ask the reason,  
You are told that the white-headed boy now is GREY.  
Ye Outs and Ins all, attend to my call,  
Oh, join the procession, and follow the bier ;  
Come, come ! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

It is an ill wind which does every one pull back—  
So old proverb says—so the LAWYER† may say,  
As he jumps from the BAR and lights down on the WOOLBAG ;  
And may the new broom sweep LAW's cobwebs away !  
Ye ministers all, attend to my call—  
Now join the procession, and follow the bier ;  
Come, come ! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

The ex-Gaulish statesmen were tried and found guilty—‡  
Condemned by their peers to a prison for life ;  
Fifty thousand brave Russ waved their swords by the hilts high,§  
And joined with the Poles in fair liberty's strife :  
High and low, great and small, attend to my call,  
Oh, join the procession, and follow the bier ;  
Come, come ! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

Methinks we have had quite enough now of politics,  
So in a few moments I'll finish the theme ;  
Three princes died,¶ three were deposed by fate's jolly tricks,‡  
And now sing in exile, " 'tis all but a dream !"

\* In November the Duke of Wellington tendered his resignation of the premiership to his Majesty, "who was graciously pleased to accept it;" and Earl Grey was placed at the head of affairs. Sir Robert Peel also retired. The Duke of Northumberland was recalled from the vice royalty of Ireland, and the Marquis of Anglesey came in his stead—so that one jukes in as the other Duke's out.

† 1830 was a lucky year to more lawyers than one. Mr. Brougham made Lord High Chancellor by patent under the titles Lord Brougham and Vaux. Lord Plunkett made Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Chief Baron O'Grady raised to the peerage, and Mr. John Doherty made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

‡ Polignac, and three of his colleagues were found guilty of plotting against the liberties of France, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

§ The last accounts from the north of Europe, in 1830, state, that a Russian general and 50,000 soldiers joined the Poles against the Czar, and it is thought that that much injured nation will soon again take her place among the kingdoms of the earth.

¶ Died, the kings of England, Naples, and Pope of Rome.

‡ Deposed, the King of France, Prince of Saxony, and Duke of Brunswick.

Ye royal heads all, attend to my call—  
Come act as chief mourners, and follow the bier ;  
Come, come ! and bear to his long home,  
1830, the dead and gone year.

M. A. A.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

BY TWO HERMITS IN LONDON.

*New Year's Day.*—Hermits though we be, we do not view the world only "through the loop-holes of retreat;" we contrive both

—————"to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and to feel the crowd."

The stir and crowd of the great Babel are, in truth, the cordial comforters of our meditative existence—the best remedy, the elixir that we should recommend to the moody hypochondriac. Who that sees the gay bustle of London at this season—the living streets—the crowded shops—the cheerful and bright bazaars—the congratulations of the thousands of happy people who meet and chat, and so depart, forming the most interesting picture of society "instinct with life," and pursuing the occupations of business as their pleasure and their happiness supreme—who that sees this, revolts not from the contemplation of winter in the country? How can people—unless their nature be essentially rural—think of rustivating themselves at such a period? We were going to figure to ourselves the life of a hermit, living in the country at Christmas: but our hearts turn from it, as Sterne's did from that of his imaginary captive. Away with your eremites of the wilderness—be our hermitage for ever fixed in this great city, with its vast resources! Would a reasonable man wish to see a rural vista in the winter? He will see it in its best and brightest garb by travelling to the Regent's Park; he will there see a prospect that no other rustic locality can present, a prospect that will do his heart good, if that heart be not either too savage or too civilized. Does he want solitude or society? He may have both in this beautiful scene. And *à propos* of Regent's Park, there has been a skating club figuring away during the holidays, even when there seemed to be not a vestige of ice on the lakes—when the stage of their evolutions seemed to be simply fluid water, perhaps thickened a little for the support of these airy performers. We have stood on the banks to admire the smooth meanderings of this wonder-working club, and were almost tempted to hazard a few falls for the sake of being regularly enrolled among them; but a respect for what the world would say, if the hermits were seen donning the fashionable attire and accoutrements of the party, made us pause for a day or two—and then the notion was thawed away into its imperceptible elements.

*The Magazines of the Month—the Periodicals of London.*—Here we have them all before us—the Magazines at least, with *THE NATIONAL* glittering among them in her new attire. We have been often thinking of making a complete list of all the periodicals which issue from the London press, annually, quarterly, monthly, weekly, daily, perhaps hourly; but we never could do it. The press literally teems—books, papers, and periodicals increase and multiply: some live a long life, and some not an hour—numbers are still born—more attain a sickly childhood, and then perish. And where is the record of the living and the dead? Who keeps the bills of mortality? Whenever we attempted to take a census, we were foiled—*dum spectas fugio* was the motto of the undertaking: we had always something to add, and something to take away: it was a perpetual current, the exact measurement of which, it was not in our power to ascertain. If knowledge be not diffused, it is strange, indeed, if literature, at least, be not: but the diffusion of books and pamphlets is not every thing. Here is the Journal of